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No. 113.

### AN ECHO.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

'Neath the wide-spreading arms of an old shade tree I rested, a-weary, my mind riven by thoughts of woe; Methought the woe of life a fair picture of the wood, And tried to its magic to soothe my sad mood. I said, "In this beautiful world so bright, Why walk we in gloom through its marvelous light? What's lacking of pleasure our spirits to cheer? Where can happiness be, if we find it not here?" The wild eldritch echo responded: "Not here."

"Dear eyes have grown heavy with wearisome cares, Loved persons are gone," say the old vacant chairs; We crept into their pale hands on the poor pulseless breast. While the Comforter whispered, "A soul is at rest;" In our hearts, joy-deserted, we folded the pall, And the cypress hangs sadness on Memory's wall. 'Tis a sweet peace to know that when life is so dreary, That in the new life, they never grow weary." Firmly the echo spoke, "Never grow weary."

They tell us, so oft, of that jagged-gemmed shore, We rest by the dip of the softsurf'd star! The tide comes in, and parts of the vated 'aft' Enraptured we'll see through the gates ajar; We will meet again with our loved and lost, Whom we left at the edge when their life-boat crossed.

They'll bring us on the shining stair; Oh, tell us, is bliss unalloyed, over there?" Filled with sweet peace came the words, "Over there."

### Hercules, THE HUNCHBACK: OR, The Fire-Fiends of Chicago.

A REVELATION OF THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "HOODWINKED,"  
"BLACK CRESCENT," "BLACK HAND," ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

AFTER AN ENEMY.

HEMMED in on every side by the licking fires that spat upon them as if with a devilish glee; weakened of heart by the demoniac voice that issued through the flames above; nigh filled with despair at finding the door—*their only hope*—fastened, Hercules groaned aloud and in spirit, and, setting Mortimer Gascon on his feet, he pressed his burned and blistered hands to his throbbing temples.

The heat was terrible. Denser with the lapse of every second closed the seething walls around them; death seemed inevitable.

But the indomitable nature of the Hunchback was not yet conquered.

"Courage!" he hissed, with a stifled breath. "Courage, Mortimer Gascon; we are not dead yet—God! how hot! Bear up! Bear up!"

Stripping the coat from his back, he threw it around the invalid's head.

"Wrap your face tightly!" he managed to articulate; "pull it close, for your life!"

Then, as if gifted with a fresh energy, he drew off a pace or two—suddenly casting himself, with a battering plunge, against the door.

The panel cracked. Again and again he threw himself forward, his dwarfed, yet Herculean form, striking the door with an almost resistless force.

Presently, the panel yawned. Round the small opening clinched those fingers of iron, with muscles of steel and giant strength.

Crack! Crack! gave the stuff in his maddened grip.

And there was another crackling sound, a sound as of a dull explosion mingled with the strain of weighty timbers.

"The roof!" moaned Gascon. "It is falling in! The walls are tottering!"

Hercules uttered a sharp, yelping cry, and tugged and wrenched at the opening with a desperate fury.

"Stand fast!" he gasped.

He hurled himself through at last; then turned to his companion and dragged the weak form after him.

By a miracle, the back of the house was not yet consumed in the raging element; an avenue of escape—though dangerous—lay open; and panting in the heated atmosphere, the dwarf once more took him in his arms, and staggered away.

None too soon. With a roaring crash, like rattling musketry, the building fell, shooting a tower of cindered flame high into the air, and rolling a cloud of sparks on! on! in the hurtling gale, to aid the Fire Fiend at his hellish work.

At the same moment Hercules effected his escape at the rear of the burning building. There was a loud jingle of breaking glass at the front as the Indian boy, Trix, cast himself out of one of the second-story windows.

It was like the apparition of a demon, as he shot from the glowing mass, and descended with terrific velocity to the street below.

But he struck without so much as spraining an ankle, and uttering a shrill scream, darted off, with clothes ablaze, and swinging his arms wildly.

"Thank God! we are saved!" exclaimed Gascon, as he and the dwarf got further and further from danger.

"Not saved yet, Mortimer Gascon! The fire is close on us!—and I am weakening. But, courage! When I cry 'enough!' then we'll say our prayers and die!—and I shall never cry that word!"

He was making for the house of Lu, the negroess.

After a severe struggle with his overtaxed nerves, he finally reached the goal.

Reeling in, as we have seen, he dropped his burden, and sunk forward on his knees, completely exhausted.

So wild and disfigured, ay, hideous, was

his face, that the negress did not, at first, recognize him.



"Ha! ha-a! found! Let Delia Rivers look to herself! My hour of triumph is at hand!"

his face, that the negress did not, at first, recognize him.

But then she cried out, in amazement:

"What's this?—Hurl!"

"It is what is left of him!" he broke in, madly. "See us! we are nearly burned to ashes!"

Then, for the first time, the murmuring tumult of the night attracted her.

"What is it?" she asked. "What's all that noise about?"

"Noise! Where have you been? Been asleep? Are you deaf?—blind?—that was you ask me what it means? The whole city is being swept away! The earth is about to end! Look there!" pointing to the window.

She hastened to glance out. A quick-breathed exclamation escaped her as she saw the lurid glare, the hurrying people, flying panic-stricken—heard a moaning rumble, as if the thunders of heaven were belching hoarsely in the distance.

But, paramount in her thoughts was little Carl. She turned to the Hunchback with a half-smile, half-wail.

"Huh!—the boy!—the boy!"

"What mean you?" quickly.

"He's gone!"

"They carried him off!"

"They! Who? Speak out—has any thing befallen the child?"

"I tell you he's gone!—they carried him off!"

"And I ask who 'they' are? Will you answer?"

"Jose Moreno and Miguel, his follower!"

"No!"

"I tell you yes!" she screamed.

"They here? Impossible!" and he stared in astonishment.

"Yes, they are here! They've got the boy! They've got Carl! They'll kill him!" Hercules was on his feet in an instant.

A new strength came to him. The intelligence appeared to rouse him to a state of frenzy, for while his eyes fairly danced, he cried out:

"Which way? Set me on their track! Be quick!—they'll murder him!"

And he dashed off, with a yell of rage, across the floor.

Soon the three men left the other parties to the scene far in their rear, and these, having more urgent affairs of their own to look after, in the excitement of flight before the conflagration, drew off.

The Spaniard was making for the tunnel, having crossed Adams street bridge.

Hercules swept by, as if on the wings of the wind.

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

somewhere. Ha! ha! ha! isn't it queer? You lost something? How did you lose it here? How did it come here?—I never saw you before."

A strong emotion—one fraught with bitterest sentiment toward Hermoine Greville—held Zone silent. At that moment naught but words of taunting triumph could come from her lips; her triumph was over Hermoine. To speak would be to sting the maniac; and in that case, perhaps she was not yet safe in her rejoicing, even though she held the prize in one hand, and a gleaming weapon in the other, with which to defend herself.

Hermoine frowned.

"Won't you tell me? Come, you'd better. I'm queen here; and if you don't tell me, I'll have you put back into prison. When he comes, he'll condemn you, if I tell him to. He loves me, and will do whatever I ask. And I love him, too. I am not his sister; so we'll be married, some day. Do you love him? If I thought you did, I'd kill you! Ha! stop!—stop there!"

Zone had wheeled suddenly, and was about to run from the room.

But the maniac was too quick for her—catching her by the dress, and ere she could endeavor to prevent it, or deal a blow with the sharp poniard, had snatched away the valuable papers.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Hermoine, mockingly. "You've had your hunt for nothing. I've got your prize—I've got it! And I'm going to find out what it all means, too! Ha! ha! ha!"

With a scream of anger, Zone sprung toward her.

But she vanished in the darkness of the entry, flourishing the papers aloft.

In the same moment a noise at the open window drew Zone's attention.

A large shade tree grew outside, extending its luxuriant branches close to the house. On one of the foliated boughs was a man, with eyes fixed full upon her.

As she saw him, she uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Heaven! Can the grave give up its dead? It is Evard Greville—the true Eward Greville?"

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE ENCOUNTER IN THE TUNNEL.

As Jose Moreno pressed onward with the fugitives that were flying through the tunnel, his dark countenance wrinkled in a smile—a devilish smile—his snaky eyes shone with a hard glitter, and his white teeth glistened between the parted lips, as he hissed those intimidating words into the ears of the frightened child:

"Be still, or I shall kill you!"

And then he muttered, jubilantly, to himself:

"Oh! a prize! a prize! What will Carl Grand say when I tell him that the heir of Nelson Greville still lives? Admirable fate! So, you'll bribe Jose Moreno to aid in your plots, and then seek to rid yourself of him? Madre! what a mistake! How uncircumspect, when it was not intended that Jose should die an unnatural death! Ha! ha! a prize! But where can Miguel be? Curse the fellow! he has no brains at all, and is ever making trouble for himself. Can he—*The devil!*"

As he vented the closing exclamation to his mutterings, he stopped short, and gazed in astonishment on a man before him.

It was Evard Greville.

At that juncture there seemed to be a break in the fleeing crowd. No one was near.

The two men eyed each other with all the hot emotions of enmity and deep-set hate contorting their faces.

Jose was first to speak.

"So," he said, sneeringly, "we are met again, Carl Grand!"

"Jose Moreno!"

"Yes, it is he—at your service for a duel to the death, if you wish it. You did not kill me, after all, most generous employer!"

Evard purpled. One hand slid to his pistol-pocket, and fingered the revolver he carried there.

Jose noted the movement. In a trice he was covering his enemy with the muzzle of a similar weapon, while he said, threateningly:

"One little motion, Carl Grand—just a little—and you die! You know I am one to keep my word."

Then Evard's attention was attracted to the child. At first glance he started; then he whitened, drew one hand across his brow, as if he doubted his vision.

"What is that?" he cried. "Who—"

"A-h! you look frightened. Don't you know who it is? Your memory is bad. You forget faces! Study closer—it is Carl Greville, heir of Nelson Greville—"

"You lie!"

"Oh, no; I never tell lies. You did not kill him, either. The devil is against you; and so is Jose Moreno. Can you fight Jose Moreno and the devil? Ha!—take care! If you draw that pistol, I shall certainly shoot you!"

Just then came a cry from behind Jose—a yell, half-screch.

"Captain! captain!" shouted the voice. "Save me! Satan is at my heels! Help! or I shall be murdered!"

Jose knew it was Miguel. But he was not "green;" he did not turn to see the cause of the disturbance, though the appeal for aid and the patterning of feet told him that his follower was in difficulty.

And it was fortunate for him that he did not look around, for, in one second, Greville would have shot him.

"Captain, help!" shouted Miguel, again.

Then there was another ery—from the lips of the Hunchback. He had recognized Jose. Both of his hated enemies were now before him; and the fury of a demon warned his veins, as he dashed on, close upon Miguel.

The voice of Hercules proved too much for even the schooled nerves of Jose Moreno. He knew who it was; he was thrown off his guard; he wheeled to save himself from one whom he feared far more than Evard Greville.

Crack! went Greville's pistol.

Jose staggered to his knees, and, ere he could recover himself, little Carl was torn from his arms.

But, he still held the revolver.

As Miguel came up, panting and snorting in terror, the wounded man raised his weapon and fired at the pursuing form.

Hercules receded, for the ball grazed his temple, and stung like fire. Miguel, with unerring aim, sent the carpet-bag whizzing into the face of his foe.

The Hunchback fell, and over him tripped the small man, who sprawled full length. In a moment he was writhing under the grip of the dwarf, who, half-

stunned, half-blind, supposed him to be one of the Spaniards; and the iron fingers closed in a deadly hold around the throat of the struggling captive.

"Say! Say! Hold on!—no, I mean let go! Murder! You've made a mistake! Lord! You'll strang—urg—murder!" squealed the diminutive humanity, as he wriggled and squirmed like an eel on a hook.

"A curse upon you!" snarled the Hunchback, as he released the man, and tottered to his feet.

But, Jose and Miguel had disappeared—

The break in the crowd now filled up; again the fugitives of the night were hurrying through the tunnel.

Hercules strode on to the west entrance, where he glanced on every side, in vain, for a sight of the two villains. Then he retraced his steps, angry and gloomy in his discomfiture.

A slim shadow, closely hugging the wall, watching him till he was lost to view, finally moving away in the direction of the west opening, tightly grasping a carpet bag, and smiling with satisfaction.

Hercules suddenly remembered that he had left Mortimer Gascon in peril. The fire was marching northward; he saw that, with the heavy gale blowing, nothing could save that portion of the city which lay directly in the front of the flames.

The high, roaring sheet of red, which was rapidly devouring block after block, was now eating into the fat heart of a proud city—plunging its brands of ruin and desolation on! with a sweeping ferocity no effort of man could resist.

The home of the negress was already enveloped.

He quickened his pace. But it was a useless walk; he was soon forced to pause.

The engines were driven from their posts; the heroic firemen, worn and desperate, were beaten back, back, as the seething vortex of destruction hurled itself upon their stands, seeming to swallow, in huge gulps, all that came in its way—bursting doors, shivering windows, toppling down noble edifices—nothing could endure, every thing must perish.

And the Hunchback looked anxiously ahead, then around among the fleeing multitude, for a sign of the negress; for he knew she must be driven from her house, and an uneasiness for the safety of Mortimer Gascon possessed him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 110.)

## Madeleine's Marriage: OR, THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,  
AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DANGER, AND A PLAN OF ESCAPE.

As the door closed behind the girl, the gentleman turned toward his wife. She had seated herself, and was striving to regain her composure. He took a seat at some little distance.

"I can understand all this, madam," he said, after a few moments' silence. "You have been weak enough to encourage the pretensions of a young man with whom I have not even a slight acquaintance."

Madeleine made no reply.

"You must have understood, Mrs. Clermont, from the time—two months since—that you communicated to me what you called your daughter's engagement, what the projected marriage met with my disapprobation."

"And why, sir, should you disapprove of it?"

"Because I feel an interest in her welfare; because I consider it my duty to oppose the errors into which your obstinacy might lead you; the evil result of which could only be counteracted by my prudence."

"Your prudence!" repeated Madeleine, scornfully.

"You speak as if you doubted my possession of that quality, madam."

"How can I, when you have shown it to your own affairs?"

"May I beg you to explain?"

"In the drawing up of the agreement between us."

"You mean the agreement of separation that preceded our marriage?"

The lady bowed in assent.

"By which I was to have the estate in case of your death without heirs! I trust you will remember, madam, that I asked no more in that, than the law would give me as nearest of kin!"

"That contract," replied the lady, "expressly stated in the event of Oriel's death. I am not certain that mine was mentioned."

"But it was understood, of course, and stipulated, too. I could not legally inherit while you lived."

"Be that as it may, I did not hesitate to sign the agreement, because, if aught happened to deprive me of my child, I knew all worldly possessions would be indifferent to me. Although I expected nothing from your proposed regard and respect for myself, I did hope for some tenderness for the young creature dependent in a measure on your nominal protection, when she should reach the age that required it. But, instead of that, sir, you have seemed to look upon my daughter with positive hate."

"You were mistaken, madam," replied the gentleman, his lips parting so as to display teeth whose whiteness gleamed in contrast to his dark mustache, "as to my feelings toward Oriel. On the contrary, I am anxious for her welfare. For this reason I objected to the alliance you proposed for her."

"You did not state any objection."

"My silence might have shown you that I did object. Now, at some inconvenience, I come to inform you that it does not suit me to allow my stepdaughter to bestow her hand on the first unknown young fellow who thinks proper to solicit it."

"You are right, madam," replied the gentleman, his lips parting so as to display teeth whose whiteness gleamed in contrast to his dark mustache, "as to my feelings toward Oriel. On the contrary, I am anxious for her welfare. For this reason I objected to the alliance you proposed for her."

"I told you, sir, many years ago, when the dreadful tragedy occurred—when Lewis—when my child's father and Duclos, his unhappy companion, were murdered on the coast."

"This 'unknown young fellow' is the son of Colonel Duclos, an officer of merit."

"Indeed! It is strange I never heard of him."

"I told you, sir, many years ago, when the dreadful tragedy occurred—when Lewis—when my child's father and Duclos, his unhappy companion, were murdered on the coast."

The poor woman could never refer to that fearful occurrence without a shiver of horror through her whole frame. It was some minutes before she recovered her self-control.

"Does it not strike you?" she resumed, "that there is something providential in the

union of those two children, whose fathers perished together?"

"Highly romantic, no doubt," replied Marlitt, caressing his mustache; "but, unfortunately, out of the question; inasmuch as I have another match in view for my step-daughter."

Madeleine looked at him in astonishment.

"The suitor I favor," he continued, "is the son of a wealthy diplomatist, and is engaged in the financial department of the office."

"And so, sir, after so many years of indifference and neglect, you suddenly remember me? You are Oriel's stepfather, because it suits your interest to sacrifice her by some ambitious marriage; or one, perhaps, that will promote your interest!"

"You are right, madam; it will be a capital thing for my interest."

"You would sell her, then! But it shall not be! She shall marry Frank Duclos."

"She shall not!"

"She shall marry him, because her happiness—nay, her life—depends upon it! My own life has been a wreck, because I foolishly hoped to find happiness in wealth and station; my daughter shall be saved! Yes—I repeat it—this marriage shall take place—were I to meet my death in the struggle with you!"

Madeleine had risen, and supported herself by the back of her seat. Her eyes were fixed on her persecutor with a look of proud determination.

"You are disposed to be resolute, madam. But you forget that your daughter is under age, and that, as her guardian, I can prevent a marriage I dislike, even if I can not compel her to one I approve."

"I do not admit, sir, that you have any authority over either myself or my daughter."

"I have all the authority with which the law invests me, which I have not voluntarily surrendered."

"The contract—"

"Guarantees no power to you in this matter. You will find that my authority can be enforced."

"It can not be," cried Madeleine, passionately,

"that such power can belong to one who has been a husband and father but in name; who has never given my child the slightest protection! I defy you, sir! You can have no legal claim on her obedience!"

"You will find that I have! and I shall take care to make it available. I wish now to speak with Oriel."

"She is engaged, sir."

"Why is it your wish to prevent an interview? If she prove intractable, she may, indeed, have reason to fear me; but I am confident I shall succeed in convincing her that obedience is her best policy."

Madeleine was struggling to control her feelings. She had a great fear of this man; and would have sacrificed her own life to shield her daughter.

As she said him move toward the bell, she interceded him.

"What do you wish, Mr. Clermont?"

"To send word to Oriel that I wish to speak with her."

"It will be of no use; she will not yield in this matter."

"We shall see."

"Oh, sir, spare her the misery—the shame of this contention! Let my sufferings content you! Let my child be happy!"

"I mean to make her so, by a union suited to her condition."

"I have never asked a favor of you, sir! Grant me this one! Stay! I will buy it of you! What is the price you require to allow her to remain in peace?"

"Allow me to ring, madam," rejoined the gentleman, endeavoring to pass her.

"You shall not distress Oriel! cried the mother, passionately. "I am the mistress of this house! Your message shall not be taken to her; I will forbid it."

"Have you trace of the party?"  
"Of course. But I shall give you no information."

"Hugh, you have been doubly a villain!"

"You may spare your remarks, sir; I have been true to myself, and mean to be."

"Hugh, you will sell me these papers?"

"I will thank you for them, sir; they are only copies; you have crushed them till they can hardly be made out."

He took the papers, smoothed them out, folded, and restored them to his pocket-book.

"You will sell them to me?"

"Not if I know it; just at present, sir."

"What are they worth to you?"

"Nothing, till I can make a bargain for them; and I have not made up my mind where to look for the best."

"Hugh, I will pay higher than any one else."

"You are not exactly in condition, sir. Now, if you had the estate in hand—"

"That can be managed," whispered the other. "I have the promise, if I can make the girl marry Ormsley, of a transfer of the portion she would have with an advance sufficient to cover my debts and set me afloat. I shall eschew gaming, and I can manage my wife. Hugh, I will make it your interest to cleave to my fortunes."

"If you can do that, master, I am yours entirely," said the ruffian, heartily. "And if your prospects are so good, I rather think I will cast in with you."

"You are safe in doing that. When will you let me have the papers?"

"No haste; I must work cautiously. I will not part with them under twenty thousand."

"Twenty thousand pounds?"

"Not a farthing less! But you could not raise the sum now. I know that very well. If you can get the transfer you spoke of, it might be managed."

"It shall be, and you must help me."

"Nobody can do it better."

The tinkling of the shop bell gave notice that the messenger had returned.

*To be continued—commenced in No. 105.*

### Almost a Sacrifice.

BY JENNIE D. BURTON.

say that the hackman was waiting for Mr. Clermont's orders.

"I had forgot," he said; "I promised to dine with some friends. I will see you to-morrow, Hugh; but do not come to my hotel, or to the house. I will call here at one o'clock. Have every thing ready; and don't forget to furnish masks."

"Masks! For what?"

"You do not suppose I shall risk being seen in this affair! You may do as you please; but have a mask for me."

"All very well. Good-evening, my dear friend!"

The twilight had come on during the above colloquy, and the lamps were being lighted in the street. A hackney coach with two horses, in better condition than those belonging to ordinary public vehicles, was drawn up at the door.

"I did not order you to wait here," said Marlitt, angrily, to the driver.

The man respectfully touched the hat slouched over his brows, and explained that he had seen him go into the Jew's shop,

and as he remained so long, thought he would like to be taken up there, instead of at his hotel.

Marlitt entered the carriage, and ordered the man to drive to Berkeley Square.

When he alighted, he bade him return for him at twelve, and handed him half a crown over his regular fare.

The driver took the money with the usual scrape of acknowledgment; but the moment the gentleman had turned his back to ascend the stone steps of the house, he dashed the silver on the ground with a muttered execration, and sprung to his seat, giving both the horses such a cut with the whip that they sprung away like lightning. He drove back to the front of Mrs. Clermont's residence, where he halted at the usual stand for coaches, not returning to his stable. Any one who had observed him would have supposed he had been hired to watch the house.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 105.)

### Almost a Sacrifice.

BY JENNIE D. BURTON.

BALLIER had just left the grand saloon and the billiard table, and stood balancing himself within the street entrance, half-humming a popular air as he wondered idly what he should do next.

He was one of those unfortunate mortals who had "done" the world so completely there seemed nothing fresh, new or attractive, remaining for him. This quandary that was puzzling him now, the mere necessity of killing time in a manner that should least bore him—every thing bored him—was no new one. He had known some enthusiasm, and made some energetic, though slightly disconnected, efforts once upon a time, but, left to himself, it is doubtful if he ever would have accomplished a work to immortalize him.

"For what purpose?"

"To keep her from you: that she may marry the young man—and that very soon, I can tell you."

"How do you know her plans?"

"Ah, sir, I have won little bird, vot flies and tells me every ting."

"Do not dare to jest with me, fellow!"

"There, you are on your high horse again. Vell, den, I know the lady's mind from her letter. Ladies often put their mind in their letters—eh?"

He produced a neatly-folded letter, the seal of which had been broken, opened it to his visitor, starting up, his face crimson with rage. "A spy in my house!"

"In the lady's house; you do not live there."

"What is that to you? It is my house as long as my wife lives in it! How dare you employ one of my servants as your spy, or tamper with his honesty, so as to intercept a letter?"

"Now, you are unreasonable, my dear! If I have not the letter, you would not know what it says. Your daughter would escape—would marry her lover; all your plans would be frustrate. You see it was necessary."

With an impious gesture, enjoining silence, the unscrupulous gentleman read the letter.

It was the one addressed to Mrs. Byrne, making arrangements for Oriel's secret visit and speedy marriage.

The reader smiled grimly as he refolded the letter, which he placed in his vest pocket.

"To-morrow evening," he said, after a pause.

"Surely. Bless my soul, vot a fuss you made about nothing! You should save your rage till you have a little more time to spare."

"Never mind my rage; it is all very well this time. Now, tell me, what can be done to prevent the girl's flight?"

"We must catch her, and carry her off ourselves."

"At the station?"

"No—to many people; and young Duflos on the watch for her."

"She will not be alone?"

"If the lady or the maid goes with her, we can dispose of them—eh?"

"She is to leave the house at nine, and take the night train. Her mother is not to accompany her."

"But the young gentleman?"

Duflos is to join her at the station. The carriage is to come direct from the house and pass by Waterloo Bridge. Why not get the young man out of the way, so that they do not meet?"

"It will not do; and the young lady might go on, hoping to meet him afterward."

"She would not go without him; she would return in the carriage, and would thus be intercepted. As you plan it, the fellow would miss her directly, and there would be an alarm and a search."

"But I know, sir, of a secret passage from the street into the garden of a little hotel, where I know the folks well. There is a deep fountain in the center of the garden, and a drain opening to the river."

"Are you sure of the people?"

"As myself; if they are well paid."

"We must arrange about this to-morrow," said Marlitt, rising. "It is of the last importance that this escape is prevented; yet I must not be known to move in it; for I can get her away safely, I can manage the rest."

The boy from the shop looked in, to

The shackles of wedded life had not set easily on Mrs. Lynne. The pale, shadowy woman, with the wasted form and consumptive cough, could not be reconciled in his mind with that ideal of the past, of which the breathing representative was the girl Coral.

With his coming appeared, as well, many an unwonted delicacy in the poverty-stricken home, and poor, worn-out Mrs. Lynne was endless in her praises of the man who had come to her.

"We are so wretchedly poor," she said to him one day. "It does not matter so much for me; I am over the worst—of life and its trials, I mean. The doctor has told me that I may not live a month. I am only troubled now for my little Coral."

"Does she know?" he asked, gently.

"Not yet. I am a pitiful coward in not finding courage to tell her."

"Let me do it, and don't worry over her future. Listen, Ally"—it was the old pet name by which he had known her. Coral shall not want; I am going to ask her to marry me."

The thin, worn face flushed, and the hollow eyes grew luminous, but a gloom shrouded them almost immediately.

Alice Lynne's married life had been far from happy; it was present with her always, and had grown more vividly clear of late, how different that life might have been had the old compact been fulfilled. She felt now, for her daughter's sake, that Ballier's ordering of events might involve the same mistake which had embittered her own existence.

"If Coral loves you, nothing would give me greater content, but I would not like my child's life by leaving her an unloving man."

"How can it be?" he asked, smilingly, "when I love her so?"

And Mrs. Lynne, dazzled by the old infatuation, thought surely that Ballier could not fail when he set himself to win a woman's heart, and vaguely pitied her own remnant of a wasted life.

He drew Coral away for a drive with him that afternoon. He chose a smooth, straight road lying beyond the city limits, and almost sympathized in the girl's delight over the stretches of landscape that unrolled, like a panorama, from every decided point of view. The cynical, *bâsé* man had softened wonderfully in these last few weeks under the pure influence of the little home circle he had invaded. He dreaded now the effect of the communication he had to make, but would not lose the opportunity he had purposely sought.

He spoke to Coral of the fact of her mother's precarious state, and then urged his own cause through his knowledge of her devotion to her parent.

"I am sure she can be saved yet," he said, hopefully. "A winter in Italy, and a year of travel afterward, will bring renewed health. Will you marry me, Coral, *at once*, for your mother's sake?"

I have said before that he was selfish. It

must have been an intuitive fear of losing that made him urge the plea which could most powerfully sway the girl's mind.

A pallid shade settled over the exquisite face he loved to dwell upon, and the drooping eyes darkened with some intensity of emotion which locked her slender fingers in a tight clasp. Few women would have thought it a hard alternative presented to her, for Ballier was accepted as a star of enviable magnitude in the circles where he moved.

He waited for her answer, but waited in vain. Her face was turned away, but she was so rigidly still he thought she had not understood him after the shock his first announcement had brought.

"Coral, little darling, don't despair.

There is hope, I know. Will it not be a blessed knowledge that you have saved your mother's life?"

"Only until morning," she pleaded, humbly.

"I shall expect your answer then," said Ballier, a little stiffly. His self-confidence was shaken by her hesitancy.

He had fallen in love, of course, and, even yet, sometimes had a fashion of referring to his destiny in a manner clearly indicating that he considered himself as having been a victim. Unfortunately, the pretty young girl who exchanged vows of affection and constancy with him was poorer by half a dozen degrees than the impetuous young artist himself; yet they might have afforded another illustration of love in a cottage had not good fortune come to the youth in the shape of a wealthy and eccentric patron.

Baller, with one of his bursts of enthusiasm, availed himself of the opening offered, and, with protestations of unchanged faith, sailed for the old world.

Once in Rome, he painted a little, studied the same, and idled away a great deal of time in company with other young art-students of his own inclinations. His eccentric patron dying one day while yet enchanted with his fortune. Thus necessity for action, the single prop to his spasmodic endeavors, was knocked away, and his life since that had been a checkered one of idleness and dissipation.

The pretty young girl left behind him wasted little time in regretting the tardy lover; she married and drifted into obscurity which he had never chosen to penetrate.

Beyond a pang or two at first he suffered but little from heart regrets, though hugging to his mother's kiss, rigid and cold as marble.

Baller lingered, and the searching eyes of Coral's mother saw that all was not yet decided, but with a woman's tact she kept clear of the subject so slightly interesting to them all.

Coral came down with a waterproof wrapped about her, and passed quietly out into the street. Not unobserved, for Ballier had been waiting for a word with her before he should go. He followed her; but so swiftly did the light form move through the swaying throng that, for a time, he only kept her in view without lessening the distance between them. During that time he had leisure to think, and continued to follow without attempting to accost her.

Straight on to the park where he had seen her first. A misgiving crept into his mind, and he watched her jealously. She turned into a side-path which lay in shadow and was wholly deserted now, pacing it back and forth with restless steps. Back and forth for a full hour, pausing now and then to listen, with palpitating heart and bated breath, as if for the approach of some one who came not.

The clock in a neighboring steeple rung out the hour, and drawing her cloak close about her, she turned to retrace her steps. Ballier came face to face with her as she passed out through the park gates; but his feint of an accidental meeting did not deceive her. He was startled at the wild anguish of her blanched face as he saw it for one instant by the light of a street lamp, when she turned the indignant blaze of her eyes upon him.

"I have not yet given you the right to dog my steps, Mr. Ballier. Could you not be generous enough to let me enjoy my last night of freedom?"

"I forgive your impatience of my anxiety for that much assurance, my Coraline through all the sweets and ills henceforth. I am not a demonstrative man, and I shall endeavor to make answer by my altered life of the sincerity of my love for you."

"Are you sure of the people?"

"As myself; if they are well paid."

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

**Saturday Journal**

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TO COMMENCE NEXT WEEK.

BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL'S

NEW

HEART AND HOME ROMANCE,

VIZ.:

WITHOUT MERCY;

OR,

THREADS OF PURE GOLD.

Always enchanting and highly pleasing as Mr. Campbell's stories are, this last production of his hand is, in some respects, his best. It is, like all his other works, of Dickens-like fidelity in its delineation of character, but has in it a powerful dramatic element which makes its interest so persistent and strong as to command every reader's attention.

The drama is of New Orleans and vicinity, in its *locale*, but is not essentially different from what it would have been if located in any other great city, for human nature, good or bad, is not the product of place; and woman's nature certainly is not the expression of her surroundings. The transcendent heroism and purity there is in her nature this charming serial exhibits, with a power and force that are of unmistakable import.

## Our Arm-Chair.

A Life Calling.—A young man asks advice as follows:

"My parents and I have had quite an argument as to whether I should learn a trade or not. I desire to become a business man, and think I have the necessary fact for it. My parents, on the other hand, desire that I should learn a trade. Which would you advise me to do? Am sixteen years of age."

The secret of success may be given in the rule—do that for which you are best fitted, or for which you show the most aptitude. If you have a taste for mechanism and invention—if your organ of "constructiveness" is well developed—be a mechanician, by all means. The idea that a mechanician is not as "respectable" as a professional or a commercial man, is a *idée fixe* that has been strengthened by the mechanics themselves permitting inferior men to give tone to the trades. If young men of education and good families were to learn the trade for which they were well adapted, the "respectability" of the mechanician would soon assert itself in a way well calculated to prove the dignity of all labor.

The professions are immensely overstocked. There are lawyers enough in New York city alone to supply the entire United States, if they were strictly confined to the object of their creation—the enforcement of justice. There are doctors enough in the country, north of Mason's and Dixon's line, to supply the continent. There are preachers to spare, considering the small demand there is for the multitude of inferior men who "preach." There are, in truth, more men in the commercial marts—more persons "in business," than there is any need for; but there is no surfeit of mill-tillers or mechanicians; everywhere they are in demand, and everywhere they do well if industrious and provident in habits.

We say to young men, consider all these things in your choice of a life-calling. Don't be at all influenced by the foolish, the wicked idea of the superior respectability of the professions, or of commercial callings; but, guided solely by your own tastes and talents, do that for which you feel best adapted, and your success in life is assured.

**Protect the Birds!**—If the indiscriminate slaughter of birds could be prevented we would soon cease to lament the terrible destruction to plants and fruit caused by worms and bugs. Birds are kind Nature's special gift to man, to aid him in conquering the enemies of his fields, orchards and gardens; and yet, year by year, we permit loafers to roam over our lands, shot-gun in hand, to slaughtered every one of the dear birds that their eyes can discover. In Illinois, we are told, the partridge has been found especially available as a destroyer of the chinch-bug, which is so injurious to wheat-fields, and the people are beginning to protect them from the fowler. One farmer says he has hundreds of tame partridges about his place, and his wheat crops are unusually abundant, while in places not far away the chinch-bug commits great ravages. He feeds the birds in winter.

Every land-owner would arrest, as a common nuisance, every man or boy found on his premises with a gun, this "Slaughter of the Innocents" would soon be stayed, and the precious birds would soon so flourish that fields, woods, gardens and pastures would be musical with their delightful presence. Let every farmer, every lot-owner, resolve himself into a special committee of one to care for the birds; and, next to the man who always gives in charity to the needy, he will be reckoned as worthy of the benediction: "Well done thou good and faithful servant!"

**Oregon.**—A lady correspondent from the far-off State of Oregon, writing to express her admiration of this paper—which, we are happy to say, has a considerable circulation there—says, among other things: "One reason your paper is dear to me is, that you are not repeating calumnies against Oregon." We hardly know what calumnies others have uttered, certain it is the State is a most promising portion of our vast domain, and is destined, in a generation, to become a great and powerful commonwealth. What with its magnificent forests—its grand rivers—its soil of surpassing richness—its superb climate and its mineral wealth, Oregon has within her elements of greatness which render her by far the most important of our Pacific States. And now, a class of people is quietly drifting in there whose intelligence and farsightedness will direct the State aright and make it a land of schools, churches and noble enterprise.

## I'VE HEARD SAY...

THERE comes that mean, miserable and despicable expression again, and when I hear of a person giving utterance to it, I am almost sure that something disagreeable is about to follow, and I let the information go for just what it is worth—noting; for I am no believer in hearsay evidence; hence, if I am obliged to listen to it, I bear the infliction with as good a grace as possible.

I can't see why everybody likes to sum up all the bad qualities of everybody else and forget all the good traits they may possess.

I try to go on the opposite rule, but precious little comfort or satisfaction do I gain. I remark that Mr. Goodly is a very fine man, and his wife ought to be proud of him. "Yes, Eve, my dear, but I've heard say he drinks," is the comment made upon my speech. Supposing he does? So do I—drink tea and coffee, and water, and I am not averse to lemonade. If Mr. Goodly does drink any thing stronger, I am sorry, but that is not the way to make a temperate man of him. I remember now he does drink, and it was vile, nasty stuff—it was when he was sick, and it was cold-liver oil. Is that prohibited in the temperance code? Mr. G. decidedly wishes it was!

Then there's my dear friend, the widow B., who is dependent on her sewing for a living, but it is just as much as my life is worth to praise her, for again pop in the words: "Yes, she is very deserving and all that, yet I've heard say she's angling for a second husband."

Because the butcher brings her meat, the baker bread, and the postman her letters, she's angling for a husband, is she?

If I believed that—and I can't bring my mind to it—I'd advise her to secure the butcher,

for then she'd have to worry over her meat bill; still, as Mr. Butcher is already made to a strong and long-lived woman

—the baker engaged to a fine young Miss,

and the postman don't care a straw for our sex, I guess your guess wasn't right that time.

May I venture to suggest that my grocer sells me pure sugar, without getting for an answer: "Yes, he is as honorable as the general run of men in that line, yet I've heard say that he keeps his sand-barrels and sugar-barrels suspiciously near each other?"

Can I remark about my new neighbor having a fine, healthy color on her cheek, and not be obliged to listen to "I've heard say that she buys paint quite often"?

Am I not to be allowed to say a word in praise of the voices of the tenor and soprano in the church choir, without being compelled to hearken to the refrain of, "Hump! But I've heard say they are too proud of their voices ever to be good Christians"?

Patience ceases to be a virtue in such cases, and I am sick and tired of having this "I've heard say" dinged into my ears.

If you don't know for truth what you are uttering, then keep that tongue of yours between your teeth; twill do less mischief hereafter.

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

## THE WITHERED LEAF.

BY LOUIS CARROLL PRINBLE.

Oh, darling, with what loving thought,  
I gaze upon this fragrant leaf;

The heart seems to beat with delight,

My heart seems to break with grief.

I look back now to when we stood,

That night together on the step,

Both hearts in sorrow's saddest mood,

Our eyes dimmed by sad tears unwept.

Then as we spoke the last "good-by,"

You gave me this little flower,

You kissed it first with tender sigh,

Thus frightening it with priceless dower.

Then speaking low in sad'ning tone,

Yon said, "When I am far from thee,

And you are left to mourn alone,

Then kiss this leaf and call it me."

"The withered now—its life has fled;

Yon treasured it the last gift from thee;

Thy kind name else I might need;

You bring your sweet lips back to me!"

## Cecil's Deceit:

THE DIAMOND LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE D. BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED"; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ELLSFORD GRANGE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT WILL NOT A WOMAN IN LOVE DO.

The suppressed bustle of clearing the rooms of their withered decorations, the entire task of restoring order from the chaos which reigns after the withdrawal of a company of people, was carried on swiftly and silently as might be behind closed doors and intervening distances. Care was taken that no distressing sounds should reach the chamber where the master of Frampton Place lay so suddenly prostrated.

Doctor Strong had remained through the night. At daybreak he went away, leaving minute directions for the patient's treatment, and at noon called in on his return from other professional calls.

He spoke cheerfully of the case, but impressed the necessity of having his instructions implicitly followed.

"Mr. Frampton's vigorous constitution will withstand a much harder siege than this promises to be," he said; "I do not apprehend a violent attack if it comes to the worst, and I think the prompt measures already taken have served to avert other than a light form of the disease. With ordinary care and watchfulness he will be up again within a week."

Cecil had thrown aside her rich garments, enveloping her form in a quilted *negligeé* of dove-colored cashmere, and all the forenoon retained her place by her husband's side. Now, she listened intently to the doctor's directions, and afterward with apparent reluctance relinquished her station to Olive, who affectionately insisted that she must take needed repose.

She had not been near Eve all the morning. Now she felt that it would only be additional suspense to longer defer the time which should assure her of the other's fate.

She paused on the deserted landing to gain command over her panting breath, and fiercely-beating heart. She had not once wished actual harm to befall Eve, and she shrank even now from the possibility of finding her beyond power of asserting her claim again to her own (Cecil's) discomfiture. Her hand shook as she fitted the key into the lock, but her nerves were under complete subversion when she went in at last.

She crossed the floor and knelt by the side of the couch. A glance dispelled the horror which the utter stillness of the room had called up. The crisis had passed, leaving Eve weak and helpless as a little child, but with a new lease upon the life which had been so nearly wrested from her.

She opened her eyes wonderingly as Cecil stooped over her, and murmured her name faintly.

"Cecil!"

"Be very quiet," Cecil said, knowing intuitively that the time recently passed was as a blank or an obscure vision to the other. "You have been ill and are still very weak."

"I have been dreaming, I think, horrible things! Where is papa?"

For the time all remembrance of her past sufferings was blotted out, and Cecil would not recall those grievous reminiscences.

"You must see no one until you have gained strength," she answered, evasively. "Sleep if you can; it will do you more good than any medicine, now."

Eve smiled silently. She was too confused yet to note her strange surroundings and wonder at them. She closed her eyes, and soon slept softly as the infant which has known no care in life."

"I must not let her suspicions be aroused,"

reflected Cecil, as she gazed on the thin face where just the faintest tinge of warmth broke the transparent whiteness of the skin. "It is time now for the potion to do its work."

She sought her chamber afterward, and tried to gain a few moments' repose. But the vial containing the potion which she had concealed in her bosom, seemed like a thorn planted there, painfully rankling.

She took it out and held it up to the light. The clear compound, so seemingly innocent, had a fascination for her which she could not resist. Over and over again she conned the substance of the words the old Jew had spoken.

"A single drop once a day will keep the patient in a quiescent, tractable state; doubtless that quantity will produce stupor and confusion of the mental faculties. An overdose produces coma, which ends in death without leaving any apparent trace."

These words which Victor had spoken to her once since their evil compact had been made, rose up and ranged themselves along with these.

"Were it not for your husband it might be different. Were you free now I might renounce every other consideration for you alone."

It seemed so easy to free herself from the whole complicated toil by a single bold stroke. With the fear of Hugh Frampton's vengeance forever removed, his wealth in her hands, she need fear no rival, and the considerations which swayed Victor now would be easily swept away.

It was useless to woo sleep with such thoughts in her mind. She arose and confronted her image in the mirror above the dressing-table. Her face was aglow with bright color, her eyes sparkling, her lips scarlet with excitement. No one could

have deemed that murderous thoughts were astir beneath that beautiful mask. She scarcely realized it herself. She was dwelling on the future which lay beyond, the space between to be bridged by the commission of that dark crime.

She went back to her husband's side with the vial still concealed in her bosom.

Doctor Strong called again during the evening. He expressed himself well satisfied with the condition of his patient, and ordered some slight changes in his treatment.

"I will drop in some time to-morrow," he said, as he departed; "perhaps now until late in the day. If any decided change takes place except for the better, let me know at once."

No serious consequences were apprehended by the household. All had perfect faith in the skill of Doctor Strong and in the truth of his assurance.

Cecil pleaded to keep the night vigil alone, but when overruled in that, agreed to give up the watch during the later hours to Dick Holstead. Olive, who had been in constant attendance during the day, retired early to her chamber.

The hours passed, and at midnight Richard took up his position at the bedside. Mr. Frampton slept heavily until day, and then only stirred uneasily without awaking. Cecil was with him again from the dawn.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders drowsily as he paused in the doorway to button the collar of his waterproof coat close about his throat. His calling led down pouring clouds, so he plunged hesitatingly into the uninhabited out-door space.

His horse, shaggy of coat, uncouth but strong of limb, and like his master injured to all phases of weather, jogged unconcernedly over the road toward the village. Midway he drew rein as Mr. Darnley approached from the opposite direction.

"Just from Frampton Place," he replied to the latter's inquiry. "Are you going there? If so, you may as well turn back again; I've left standing orders that none but the family be admitted to him."

"How is he?" Mr. Darnley asked, turning his horse's head round about.

"So-so!" returned the doctor, after the non-committal manner of his class. "Little change—fluctuating—nothing decisive!"

Cecil followed him into the hall as he was going away.

"Don't deceive me, doctor," she begged, clasping her white hands and lifting her fair face full of anxious pleading. "It is mistaken kindness to attempt to blind me! Will he live?"

"Fie, fie!" ejaculated the doctor, in the abrupt manner peculiar to himself. "Did n't I tell you he's in no absolute danger? Only see that my directions are strictly followed, and I pledge myself to bring him up sound as new."

"Mind, I don't apprehend any danger. It is simply unfortunate, and threatens to retard the speedy recovery which I pre-

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dicted."

the motionless form. He laid his hand upon the cold forehead, and then, turning down the covering, upon the heart which no longer beat.

Tears, of which he was not ashamed, stood in his eyes, and his voice was broken as he said:

"All is over; he is dead!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 107.)

## Tracked to Death: THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,  
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCH,"  
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHEER," ETC.

### CHAPTER LVIII.

LOCKED UP.

ALMOST at the very instant when the negro had brought in the report that Fernand could not be found, the half-blood was conducting the savages through the gap in the garden wall.

And soon afterward, when the girls had been kidnapped and carried off, he was still ne'er to the dining-room. He was advancing toward it, stealthily; not as an obsequious servant, but the guide of a band of house-breakers, prepared for murder as for plunder.

Had those lately inquiring for him but known of the guise in which he was making approach, they would have rushed forth to meet him—perhaps at the same time to meet their own doom.

Fortunately for them they did not know it, and remained inside the room. They only stayed to question the negro, intending afterward to take action outside.

"What do you mean, boy?" thundered Dupre, in a voice that well nigh frightened the darkey out of his wits. "Is Fernand not within the house?"

"Dat's jes what he a'n't, Mass' Looey. De 'Panish Indyn a'n't no wha' inside de buildin'. We hab sarch all oba de place. De people call out his name, Fernan', in de store-rooms, an' in de coartyard, an' in de castle 'closure—ebery wha' dey c'ud t'ink of. Dey shout loud 'nuf for him to heer ef he war anywha' bout. He gib no answer. Sartin shoo he no inside dis' establish'ment."

The young Creole appeared dismayed. So also the others, in greater or less degree, according to the light in which each viewed the matter.

While perplexed by their mystery, on the minds of all was an impression that there was danger at the bottom of Fernand's doings—serious danger not only to themselves, but to the whole settlement.

How near it was they knew not; though it was at that moment nearer than any of them dreamt.

At any other time the absence of Fernand from the house would have been a circumstance not worth noting. It might have been supposed that he was abroad visiting in some of the huts appropriated to the humbler families of the colonist fraternity. Or the attraction might be a mulatto "wench," of whom there were several, belonging to Dupre's extensive slave-gang, some of them far from ill-favored.

The half-blood himself was rather a handsome fellow, as also given to gayety. This would have accounted for his temporary absence from the house and his duties as its head-servant. Now, it not unnaturally caused alarm, connecting it with the suspicious already entertained about him. What the young surgeon had seen, and, above all, the report just brought in by the hunter, Hawkins, impressed every one within the room, forcing them to the conclusion that Fernand was a traitor.

The question was asked: how, coming direct from the States, he could have an understanding with the savages of Western Texas?

In answer to this question Colonel Armstrong and Dupre now recalled to memory what had been made known to them by the man himself—that he had visited Texas before, and had been all over it. While seeking an engagement he had professed this much of Texan travel, with a view of supporting his claim to capacity for service. Therefore, his being in correspondence with Comanches, or any other Texan Indians, need be no mystery, should it turn out that he was so. It might be the renewal of a former acquaintance. Though in blood he was but half-Indian, in physical appearance and other characteristics he was nearer three-quarters aboriginal. Stripped of civilized garb, and clad in the true red-skin costume, he would have looked the savage to perfection; as much so as any one of the painted cohort he was at that moment guiding through the Mission garden, to bring ruin, it might be death, to the men making free with his name.

Unconscious of the proximity of their danger, they remained discoursing of him and it. His unaccountable absence from the premises had roused them to a pitch of excitement that called for immediate action.

Still had they enough coolness left to perceive the necessity of deliberation before taking any steps. They saw the mistake they had committed, in relaxing their watchfulness. Their reliance upon the Texan treaty—with the fact of no Indians having been seen or heard of on the way—had lulled them into a security which, if false, might cost them their lives.

All within the room remembered that at that hour no sentinels were set, not even the ordinary horse-guard. If the Indians intended attack, it might be made at any moment.

Still, it was not likely that the small band seen by Hawkins and Tucker would be bold enough to make an assault on the settlement.

The hunters had counted in all twenty-one men. There were nearly three times this number of the colonists capable of bearing arms. Even the boys, like all backwoods youth, could use the rifle—or knife, if it came to close quarters. After all, there need be no uneasiness; they could not have much to fear.

Reflecting in this fashion contributed to allay their apprehensions, though it did not altogether remove them. Enough remained to prevent them from resuming their seats around the dinner-table. They did not think of such a thing. On the contrary, they resolved on at once taking precautionary measures. They would collect a patrol, and throw out sentries around both the Mission building and the outlying collection of humbler dwellings, in which most of the colonists were lodged.

They only returned to the table to take another drink, and then "To arms!"

They had faced toward it—some to quaff off their already half-emptied glasses, others to refill them—when the door of the dining-room was again thrown open; this time with a hurried violence that caused all of them to start as if a bombshell had rolled into the room. On facing round, they saw the negro boy again entering, the same who had reported the absence of Fernand. Fear gleamed from his eyes, and wild terror gleamed from his; the latter so awry in their sockets that little else than their whites could be seen.

Their own alarm was not much less than his on hearing what he had to say. His words were:

"Oh, Mass' Armstrong! Oh, Mass' Looey! De place am full ob Indyn sabbages! Dey've come up de garden, trou back passage. Dar outside, in de coartyard, more n a t'ousan' ob um!"

At the dread tidings glasses dropped from the hands that held them; most of them flung down in fury. As one man, all rushed toward the door.

It was standing ajar, as the darkey in his scare had left it. It was not their intention to shut it, but to rush outside for the protection of those dear to them.

Before they could reach the door they had confirmation of the negro's words—too full. They saw faces hideous with a besmirching of red paint, heads horrid with coal-black shaggy hair, and plumes bristling above them.

But a glimpse had they of these, dimly visible in the obscurity outside. Though short it was terrible; like a transitory tableau in some fearful drama, or a glance into hell itself.

The sight brought them to a stand; though only for an instant. Then they dashed on toward the doorway, regardless of what awaited them beyond.

They were not permitted to get outside. Before they had reached it the door was swung to, striking the lintels with a loud clash.

This sound was quickly followed by another, that of a key turning in its lock and shooting a heavy bolt into its keeper.

### CHAPTER LXIX. INSIDE.

No pen could depict what took place in the refectory of the ancient Mission when its door was locked on Colonel Armstrong and his guests, and they saw themselves shut in. Not only shut in, but helplessly, hopelessly imprisoned.

A glance around the room convinced them of this. There was but one way of egress—the doorway leading into the corridor that skirted the patio, or central court of the quadrangle. This door resembled that of a jail, massive, made of thick oaken planks, further strengthened by transverse cleats and clasps of iron. An enormous old-fashioned lock, with a strong bolt, gave it security when shut—as it now was. Of windows there were two, facing toward the outside of the building; but both small, as if only intended to give light to a cloister. They were far above the level of the floor; and further protected, against either egress or ingress, by vertical iron bars, so thick as to defy the file of either jail-breaker or burglar. The padres, while dining, did not much affect the light of the sun. More pleasing to them to see their refectory table garnished with grand wax candles, abstracted from the ceremonials of the church; more agreeable to think that, while quaffing and laughing, no eye of novice could see, nor ear hear them.

On the door being closed, Colonel Armstrong and his fellow-colonists did not at first fully realize the desperateness of their situation. It was only after scanning the room around, and perceiving the impossibility of getting out, that this became clear. Then the scene of confusion, already wild, was followed by a pause, in which intense emotion and heartfelt passions had fullest play. As if from one throat pealed a simultaneous shout. It was a cry of rage, intoned with an accent of distress, as they thought of the dear ones outside; there at no great distance, but separated from them, and as truly beyond reach of their protection as if twenty miles lay between!

Colonel Armstrong thought of his daughters, Dupre of his fiancee, the young surgeon of her sister, the others of wives and children. All more or less had their share in the anguish of the hour.

For some moments they stood as if paralyzed, gazing in one another's faces in dumb despair. Then anger again roused them to energy, though they knew not how to direct it.

The hunter Hawkins, a man of Herculean strength, flung himself against the door and butted it with his shoulder-blades, in hope of heaving it from its hinges. Vain hope! It resisted all his efforts, several times repeated.

Others joined with him; and several, uniting their strength, attempted to burst the door open.

Their efforts were idle. It hinged to the inner side, and could not be forced—unless along with its posts and lintels. These were as firm as the stone wall in which they were set; and defied all efforts to dislodge them. The massive wood-work, strengthened with iron cleats, would have stood firm against the shock of a battering-ram. Easier for them to have crevassed the wall, and through it obtained egress.

Finding the door could not be forced, they gave it up in despair.

The windows were next attempted; both simultaneously, but with like result. In planking their Mission building the monks had taken care that it should be made safe against assault from the outside. The window bars were as thick as a jail grating; and, though time and rust had somewhat weakened them, they were yet strong enough to sustain the shock of a man's shoulder, or any pull from the stoutest pair of arms.

For some minutes the imprisoned men kept shaking and tugging at them; some irresolutely rushing across the room from door to windows, and back again; others confusedly groping around the walls in search of any implement that might help in gaining them an exit. None such could be found. There was nothing in the refectory except a large dining-table and a set of light cane chairs, all useless for the purpose required.

They searched, groping in darkness, for on finding themselves shut in, they had blown out the candles. They had done it as a precautionary measure; expecting every moment to be shot at from the outside.

They had no firearms themselves; neither guns, pistols, nor arms of any kind. Even

the dinner knives had been removed, along with the table-cloth; and the only weapons they might make available were bottles and decanters!

More than all did they regret being without guns or pistols. Not that with either they could have done ought to injure the enemy that had so cunningly placed them *hors de combat*. But shots fired—even a single one—might have been heard at the *rancheria*, given warning of the attack, and brought their fellow-colonists to the rescue.

After failing in their attempts to force a way out, they remained for a time silent, listening acutely. No report of guns, or other firearms, reached them. Instead they heard shouts, which they could distinguish as the cries of the household servants—all negroes, mulattoes, or quadroons. No voice of white man could be recognized mingling in the melee.

And there was no savage yell; such as is usually raised by Indians, and kept up by them, while engaged in action either warlike or predatory. Alone could be heard the voices of the domestics; these in a confused *fracas* that spoke of fear. At intervals came a cry that had the accent of agony. Then groaning and moaning, heard only for a short while, and as if suddenly and forcibly silenced. After that all sounds ceased; and outside was silence, too like that of death!

### CHAPTER LX.

OUTSIDE.

WHILE the men shut up in the Mission dining-room were madly struggling to get out of it, other men were enacting a tragedy in its courtyard, terrible as any ever represented on the stage of a theater.

They were the Indians, whom Dupre's traitorous servant had guided upon the place.

After entering the garden and making seizure of the two girls, they had continued on for the house—the half-blood still at their head.

Thus conducted, by one who well knew the way, they were enabled to pass through the inclosure at the back, and reach the *patio* without being observed. They had entered the inner court before any of the servants saw them. When seen, the alarm was instantly raised, but too late. The negro lad, still searching for Fernand, was the first to perceive their approach. With a cry of terror he had rushed back to the room, the savages close following at his heels. It was then they appeared outside the door, soon after shut by themselves.

That their design was at first only robbery, and not red murder, might appear from their way of setting about their work. Inspired by hatred to the pale-faces—or any purpose of retaliatory vengeance—their behavior would have been different. Instead of locking the door, and leaving Colonel Armstrong and his friends unmolested, they would have shot down, tomahawked, and scalped every one of them. For they could easily have done this, on the spot, and at the instant. Even after closing the door they could have done it. They carried arms of almost every kind used for offense—guns, pistols, spears, tomahawks, and knives. By firing through the windows, they would have had no difficulty in killing every man inside the room, some within reach of spear-thrust.

That they refrained from taking this advantage may appear strange; as it did to the men who might have been made victims, then, every one of them expecting it.

For thus abstaining from slaughter they had a motive. It had nothing to do with humanity. They did not shoot down the white men, simply because the shots would make too much noise. The reports of their guns might be heard by other white men, who would soon be upon them—soon enough to frustrate their design.

Clearly from the way they were acting their aim was plunder, not murder; and they did not particularly wish to kill the white men, if it could be conveniently avoided.

They were no common burglars, however.

Their appearance showed them prepared for any thing; and their deeds soon proved it. Almost on the instant of entering the courtyard, they had commenced shedding blood. It was the blood of the poor slaves, who at first sight of the savages, rushed distractedly around, giving utterance to the wildest shrieks. It was necessary they should be silenced. In an instant, and almost simultaneously, their cries were stifled by the stroke of a tomahawk, the thrust of a spear, or the stab of a knife.

The scene resembled a saturnalia of demons—demons doing murder!

Though they made not the slightest resistance, the poor creatures were ruthlessly struck down, and soon their bodies lay lifeless along the pavement.

The killing them was a mere measure of precaution, to hinder their cries from being heard by the colonists outside. A few escaped by rushing into rooms and barricading the doors. A few others also sought concealment in obscure corners, which the savages had not time to explore. None were permitted to pass outside.

While the work of slaughter was going on, a select party was otherwise occupied. It was composed of five or six savages, their gigantic chief conspicuous in the midst; the half-blood also among them.

It was they who had closed the dining-room door. Having placed sentries at it, they rushed across the court toward another door; that of a room that also opened into the corridor in one of its corners. It was the chamber which the young planter DuPre had chosen as his sleeping-room; where he also kept the account-books belonging to his grand slave establishment, along with his treasure. There were deposited the kegs containing his cash—fifty thousand dollars in silver.

At the head of the party approaching it was Fernand. Something in his hand could be seen glancing under the light of the moon. It was a key. Soon after it was inserted into its lock. The door flew open, and the half-blood entered, closely followed by the others. All went in with an eagerness telling that they knew of the treasure inside.

After a short while they came out again, each bearing in his arms a little barrel of weight almost sufficient to test his strength.

Laying these down, they entered the room, and soon returned similarly loaded. And again they went inside and brought forth other barrels, until nearly twenty were exposed upon the pavement.

By this the slaughter of the servants had ceased, and the savages who had been engaged were left free to join the party occupied with the removal of the specie. At

the same time, the sentries left to guard the two doors were called away, and the whole band became clustered around the barrels like vultures around a carcass.

Some words were spoken in undertone. Then each, laying hold of a keg—there was one for all—lifted it from the ground and carried it off out of the courtyard.

Silently, and in single file, they passed across the outside inclosure, on into the garden, and out through the gap by which they had gone in.

Near by stood their horses, tied to trees, and well concealed within shadow. They were still under saddle, with the bridles on.

It took but little time to "umhitch" them from the twigs to which they were attached. Each man did this for his own. Then each mounted, after balancing the ponderous little barrel upon the saddle-croup, and there making it fast with his lasso.

When all were on horseback they moved silently but rapidly away; the half-blood going with them.

He, too, had now a horse, the best in the troop; stolen from the stable of his betrayed master.

### CHAPTER LXI. SHOUTS FOR SUCCOR.

MEANWHILE, the struggle going on inside the room was like that of tigers newly engaged. If not so tragical as the scene outside, it was equally earnest and agonizing.

It continued through all the time the red robbers were engaged in seizing upon the silver, and for some minutes after. Then the wilder excitement began to subside; the throes of angry passion giving place to feelings that bordered on despair. For their apprehensions remained with all their keen agony.

If the reaction produced despairing thoughts, it also brought calmer reflections. First among these was the wonder why the savages had made no attempt to destroy them, and were contented with simply shutting them up?

They wondered also, at not having heard shots, and only shouts which they could tell came from the colored servants. The voice of the Ethiopian—negro or mulatto—is easily distinguished from that of his white masters. Not a cry of Indian intonation had reached their ears; no yell; nothing that resembled a war-whoop of Comanches!

What could this mean—unusual in an Indian attack, a thing never before heard of? Who could explain the strange behavior of the assailants?

One suggested that the whole affair might be a travesty—a freak of some of the younger and more foolish of the colonist fraternity. Unlike as this was, the idea was for a moment entertained—hope, like the drowning man, catching at a straw.

Only for a moment. The affair was too serious, affecting persons of too much importance. No one would dare attempt such a practical joke upon the stern old soldier Armstrong, or the proud young planter Dupre. They were not to be so

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

87

them some forms whose drapery told them to be women. They were of black, brown, or yellow complexion. And on all, either around the throat, on the skull, or upon the breast, there was a hue horribly contrasting—a tint of crimson that resembled blood.

It was blood, fast congealing under the cold moonlight. It was already darkened, almost to the color of ink.

The hunter turned faint, almost sick, as he stood contemplating the hecatomb of corpses. It was a spectacle far more fearful than any ever witnessed upon a battle-field. There men lie in death, from wounds given and received under the grand, though elusive, idea of glory. These Cris Tucker saw must have come from the red hand of the assassin!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

## The Red Mazeppa:

OR,  
THE MADMAN OF THE PLAINS.

A STRANGE STORY OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER!

[THE RIGHT OF Dramatization RESERVED.]

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

A PAIR OF KNAVES.

A HORSEMAN riding rapidly toward the hacienda of Bandera by the red light of the dying sun; the time, the afternoon of the following day to the one in which the interview between the wily adventurer and stolid half-breed had taken place.

The horseman was Lope, the Panther.

The expression upon the face of the adventurer was not a pleasant one; his lips were shut firmly together, and a stern and troubled glare shot from his dark eyes.

The foam gathered about his animal's muzzle, and the heaving flanks told that the rider had spared neither whip nor spur.

"Push on, you brute!" muttered the adventurer, urging on the horse with hand and heel; "night will catch us before we reach the hacienda of our dear friend, Senor Ponce de Bandera, and the Mexican laughed bitterly.

"By the Virgin! I believe that this dog of a don will get the best of the struggle, after all. Santa Maria! I'll make a gallant fight for it, though. Has age softened my brain, or have my wits gone wool-gathering since I have ridden northward to the frontier? I am not used to being beaten and baffled at every turn. One point of the game alone have I gained—the papers: they are mine, but of little use unless I find the heir. This brainless idiot of a herdsman to refuse the golden fortune which my hand offered him, bah! some men are born without brains."

Onward galloped the Mexican; swiftly, bittier thoughts swept across his brain.

The sun sank lower and lower; the far western horizon line hid half its beans, and the new moon, the vestal orb, rose slowly in the heavens.

"You dull-paced brute, brother to a snail, will you never get me there?" and the adventurer gored the sides of the poor beast with his cruel spurs.

The horse was exerting himself to his utmost already, and neither the fierce words of his rider nor the forcible words of the spur-points caused him to increase his pace a single jot.

Soon, above the line of the flat prairie, rose the dark walls of Bandera, frowning on the gentle river and the still air like some grim fortalice of the far-off olden time.

The adventurer gave a hoarse shout of joy as he beheld the home of the man whom he sought—that home which he was striving to wrest from the grasp of its owner.

"At last!" he cried, a grim smile on his dark face. "Good! I am all impatience for the interview. A bold game I play. Bandera will be slightly astonished at my sudden and unexpected reappearance, I ween. So much the better. Perhaps I may catch him off his guard? I fancy that this will be our last interview; something within whispers me to that effect. If I do not succeed in breaking down his guard and reaching his heart with this attack, I'll e'en give up and seek for fortune elsewhere."

A half-hour's ride more and Lope drew rein before the gate of the hacienda.

Before he could dismount, a dozen or more of herdsman rushed from the gate and surrounded him.

The first thought of the adventurer was that the servants had been instigated by their master to attack him; but, on a second glance, he saw nothing but good-will written in the faces of those who surrounded him.

"Dismount, senor!" cried one of the herdsman, seizing the bridle of the horse.

"Hold his stirrup, Jose!" cried a second.

"Lean upon my shoulder, senor!" exclaimed a third, proffering his assistance.

"What the devil does all this mean?" questioned Lope, of himself, in utter astonishment.

"Pray dismount, senor," said the herdsman who seemed to hold command over the others, noticing the hesitation of the rider; "our master is at home and waiting to receive you."

Lope made a grimace of astonishment; he guessed the truth; the herdsman had mistaken him for some one else. He resolved to humor the mistake.

"It's a deuced good joke, in faith, to be conducted with all the honors to Bandera," he muttered, to himself, as he dismounted, assisted by a half-score of willing hands. "I wonder how the worthy don will enjoy it?" and Lope chuckled to himself at the thought.

"Your master is waiting to receive me, then?" the adventurer questioned, adjusting his *scraps* gracefully over the shoulder.

"Yes, senor, we have been in readiness to receive you since early morning," the herdsman replied.

"Oh, it's very evident that there is some mistake here," Lope said, to himself.

"Our master was very careful to instruct us to receive you with all attention," the herdsman added.

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes, senor!" cried the herdsman, in chorus.

"If Bandera's temper is like mine he'll break some of these fellows' heads for this mistake," Lope muttered, laughing in his sleeve at the blunder.

"This way, senor!" cried the chief herdsman, marshaling the way into the hacienda.

"I follow you, friend," said Lope, with graceful dignity.

The herdsman got within the arch, then

paused suddenly, turned, and addressed the adventurer who was close at his heels.

"The senior will pardon the question," he said, abruptly; "but, will the senior remain at the hacienda to-night?"

Lope looked astonished at the question.

"No; I do not think that I shall remain, he replied, after a moment's pause.

"The senior will depart, then?"

"Yes."

"That will be after nightfall?"

"Yes." Lope was puzzled to understand the drift of the questions.

"That is bad."

"Bad?" exclaimed the adventurer, in astonishment.

"Yes, because it is dangerous."

"I do not understand you," Lope said, and the thought flashed across his mind that he really stood in more danger when within Bandera's hacienda than in any other spot in the known world.

"Do you see that there?" and the herdsman pointed to the sky as he asked the question.

The adventurer looked up at the sky, but saw nothing worthy of remark.

"Well?" he said, perplexed.

"Don't you see it?" asked the herdsman, in astonishment.

"No; I don't see any thing but the sky."

"Not the moon?"

"Yes, of course I see the moon," Lope replied, considerably astonished; "but what of it?"

"The senior must be a stranger to this part of the country?" the herdsman said.

"I am, but I freely confess that I do not see that yonder moon which shines here is any different from the moon I have seen elsewhere," Lope observed, beginning to believe that he was dealing with a number of idiots, for he had noticed the herdsman had been exchanging glances of wonder.

"Then you don't know anything about this moon?" the herdsman said.

"How the devil should I know anything about the moon?" Lope cried, impatiently.

"I am not a star-gazer, and this moon looks to me exactly like every other moon of the same shape and size that I have seen elsewhere."

"Just as you like," answered the adventurer, carelessly.

"You rode this morning to the Mission-priest, Father Phillip; you questioned him regarding a certain child that you gave unto his care years ago."

"Did I?" and the adventurer smiled, with an air of perfect composure.

"Yes, and you found that the child had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Am I still correct?"

"Oh, gospel truth!" exclaimed Lope.

"In this struggle of wits between us, one point alone have you gained; the leaden casket with the precious papers which prove the right of the heirs of Bandera to their vast estate, is in your hands; but, even you, yourself, must admit that, unless you can find the heirs, the papers are of little value."

"Well, now, I am sorry that you think so; for I was just going to offer to sell them to you," Lope said, carelessly.

"I do not think that I care to buy them," Bandera observed, coldly.

"Because it is the dangerous moon."

"Dangerous?" cried the adventurer, in wonder.

"Yes, for when this moon rises the Indians mount their mustangs and ride upon the war-path against the frontier settlements."

"Oh, I understand now!" Lope exclaimed.

"If I leave the hacienda after dark, I am liable to fall in with some of these red warriors, for this is the frontier."

"Yes, that is it," the herdsman assented.

"Will you have the kindness to explain the difference, and also why it is termed the Mexican Moon?" Lope asked, his curiosity excited.

"Shining over Mexico it naturally becomes the Mexican Moon," the adventurer replied, tranquilly.

"Yes, but it is only the Mexican Moon this month."

"What is it any other month?"

"Why, nothing but a common moon then."

Lope laughed at the conceit.

"So this month it is the Mexican Moon, and the Mexican moon is different from the common moon?"

"Yes," and all the herdsman assented.

"Will you have the kindness to explain the difference, and also why it is termed the Mexican Moon?" Lope asked, his curiosity excited.

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"Yes, that is it," the herdsman assented.

## A MORAL LESSON.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

With rampant front, on youn' recumbent log,  
Ready to leap at any undue racket,  
Observe my fellow friend, that frog,  
Taking the sun upon his emerald jacket.  
He doon't tell, and nothing does he spin,  
Ye! Solomon be all his early glory  
Was not arrayed like—don't you see him grin?  
Indeed he's made me quite forget the story!  
  
No! no! ambition animates his days—  
Although from natural instinct he is frisky,  
Nor does he boast of his ancestral race,  
Nor revel in the vanities of whisky.  
The pride of Fashion's fools he never knew;  
Content in his one suit of soft morocco,  
He does not swear as other people do,  
Nor his expressive lips stain with tobacco.  
You'd give him credit for perceptions keen,  
And a good share of intellectual power,  
Enough at least not to be taken in,  
Or to seek shelter from a falling shower.  
But stop, my philosophic friend who's draw'  
Did you ever see such a man as this frog's favor;  
Observe this hook, I put it near his ear,  
With a red rag fixed to it without savor.  
  
Observe the tickled twinkle of his eye!  
What pure credulity that grin expresses!  
No doubt he thinks it some new-fangled fly;  
Smells slowly of it and his fortune blessed.  
  
He fondly trusts his phenologic bumps,  
Thinks his eye's right and inwardly he giggles;  
Worthy a better cause with zeal he jumps—  
And see, how on my hook he writes and wriggles!

Elroy Chase's "Man."  
A STORY OF BALTIMORE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"I THOUGHT our city journals were read by some people who wanted work; but it seems that they are not, for here my advertisement has headed the 'Wanted' column of the *American* these three mornings, and not a soul has appeared. Something's wrong with the people. If I were in England, my office would have been besieged by a thousand people an hour after the first paper left the press. I guess I had best discontinue the advertisement, and hunt up my man."

As the speaker finished, he replaced the long-nine between his teeth, and again his eyes fell upon the paper.

Elroy Chase was an Englishman, as his features would indicate. Reaching the Monumental City when property commanded low prices, he invested his cash in real estate, and a few years served to make him a comparatively wealthy man. But still he was not satisfied. Building after building he sold, for gold possessed wonderful beauty in his eyes, and at last, when we introduce him to the reader, but two stately structures, on Charles street—not the magnificent Charles street of to-day—remained in his hands.

Having practiced before the bar in his native country, he pursued his profession in Baltimore, where he contrived to turn a few honest pennies, but the dishonest ones he gained were legion. Once he left Baltimore and sought his fortune in the old Bay State; but after a year he returned, and people once more beheld his "shingle" on Courtlandt street.

When he advertised for a man, it was in the early days of Baltimore newspapers, and when everybody who would toll found plenty of work; therefore, it is not surprising that no applicants called at his office.

A few minutes after the lawyer's audible soliloquy, he was startled by a knock at his door.

"There's a polite ignoramus!" exclaimed the Englishman, as he bade the visitor enter.

The door slowly opened, and a genuine Yankee, sporting a faded gingham umbrella, stepped into Chase's sanctum.

"Good-mornin'," said the Aminadab-Sleek-looking individual, executing a ludicrous bow to the Englishman, who regarded him with a faint smile. "Somewhat drizzy for May," and he glanced wistfully at the huge pitcher of punch that graced the table, as he seated himself in a chair unbroken.

"I've walked all the way from Camden street, an' my umbrella couldn't prevent the mist from gettin' into my bones. Yer hain't got any 'Saints' Rests' in this town, hev yeou? I looked everywhere for one; I wanted to git a bowl o' punch."

Elroy Chase acknowledged the hint, and invited the Yankee to help himself to the steaming liquor, an invitation which he quickly accepted.

While he regarded the inner man, he law-yer regarded him closely. He thought he detected something that proclaimed his visitor the "man" he wanted. There lurked evidences of a sly-inquisitive life about that meek countenance, and the longer, closer Elroy Chase looked, the more he thought he could not be mistaken.

So, when the Yankee emptied the second tumbler of punch, and praised the article, Elroy begged him to be seated, remove his hat, umbrella, etc., and to make himself at home generally.

"I suppose, sir, that you seek my professional services," said Elroy Chase, for the purpose of bringing his visitor back to his visit, for under the influence of the punch, he was immortalizing the land of his birth.

"No, sirree," said the Yankee, quickly. "I never git into trouble. Honest men don't need law. But, you see, as how I read in a stray paper down to the depot that you wanted a 'brave man.' That's the way it read, I b'lieve."

The lawyer's eyes flashed with triumph, and he confirmed his visitor's venture with a smiling nod.

"Wal, I calcilate as how I'm yer man," continued the Yankee, who had given his name as Uriah Jones. "I'm calld a brave man to home. I've whipped everybody within three mile o' Junesboro', and once I served the State in Boston."

Here he gave Chase a wink, and smiled.

"What! have you been in the penitentiary?" cried the lawyer, surveying the person-like individual before him.

"That's what they says," was the response. "Yeou see, a lot of us made some money, an' they put us through for it."

"Counterfeiting!" laughed the Englishman.

"That's the vulgar name fur makin' money in the woods. But let the pass, sir. I'm strapped, save a fip my mother gave me for larnin' the Commandments, an' I won't part with that. Yeou want a man; I'm ther chap. I'll do any thing, I don't care what it is."

"Ain't you afraid of the penitentiary?" questioned Elroy Chase, feeling his way.

"No. I've larned how tew keep out o' them since I've been there."

That answer satisfied the Englishman.

"Yes, I want a man," he said; "a brave man, as I said in the paper, and I'll tell you what for."

He rose, locked the door, and, returning to his chair, resumed:

"I've a store up-town that I can't sell, and I must have money to take up some notes that are nearly due. That store is heavily insured—in fact, for more than it is worth. Do you see?"

"Yas," drawled Uriah Jones. "Yeou want the insurance, an' yeou can't git it until the building goes to pot."

"Just so, and I propose to pay you well for doing the job."

"Wal, I've no objection, seeing as how it's an easy way of puttin' money into my wallet," responded Uriah. "Old Ben Franklin said: 'Put money into thy purse; but he didn't say how. Shouldn't wonder if he filled his wallet by burnin' stores. Do you carry the keys to the buildin'?"

"I carry one; the young clerk that sleeps in the store has the other."

"We mustn't burn him."

"Then yeou two are at loggerheads," ventured Uriah.

"Yes, curse him! I'll tell you how it stands. For six months I've been trying to marry a girl on Entate street; but my confounded clerk, who manages the store, took her right away from me, and next week he's going to marry her."

"That would rile me," said the Yankee; "an' along with the store, death will foreclose the mortgage on—what's his name's life?"

"His name is Shelby Moore."

"But soon he'll be no more," pursued Uriah, helping himself to another glass of punch. "When do you want the job done?"

"To-morrow night, for the day following witnesses the expiration of my policies."

"Jest so!" ejaculated the Yankee. "But the young chap might escape if we don't chloroform 'im, an' I propose a kind o' co-operative association, for which I will not

be offered to restore the money he had taken from the widow Johnson, in exchange for freedom."

"No!" cried the Yankee. "Money is no recompense for the heart-broken sighs you drew from my poor mother. Go to prison, villain, and there expiate your crimes."

The lawyer did go to the penitentiary, and when he came forth, he was an old man before his time; he had atoned terribly for his sins.

Satisfied with his revenge, Seth Johnson returned to Massachusetts, bearing with him a draft for a handsome sum, from Mr. Monroe. In the Bay State he lived to a ripe age, bequeathing to his posterity an untarnished name, and the story of "Elroy Chase's Man," as related above.

## Recollections of the West.

## The "Major's" Hollow Log.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE old "Major" was the character of Balltown, and as such was recognized. My earliest recollections are intimately associated with the old white-haired man that sat on the porch sunshiny days, in his great split-bottom arm-chair, and told stories of his early adventures among the Indians to those who would patiently bear the long-winded inflections.

There was one story the old Indian-fighter told me just before his death, which, by the by, occurred while he was seated in his favorite chair, that made so lasting an impression, that now, after many years, it comes back to me as fresh as though it had been told me yesterday.

It was during the very height of the Indian war in Kentucky, which gave to that State the name of the "dark and bloody ground," that Edward Thorman settled upon what is now known as Wilson's Creek, near the present village of Bardston.

The cabin was erected upon a slight elevation near the mouth of the creek where it emptied into the Beech Fork, and com-

and swam quickly to the other side. Here he emerged, leaving a broad trail in the soft clay, and reaching the hard earth upon top of the bank, he turned and leaped back into the stream, and struck out with great swiftness for the end of the log, which lay partially in the water. This he reached before the savages appeared over the hill, and crawling into the hollow, was, for the time, at least, safely concealed.

From where he was of course nothing could be seen. He could judge of the movements of the savages only by the sounds they made, but these, together with the smell of burning timbers that soon filled the air, told him that his cabin had been fired.

He also heard several of the Indians leap into the water and swim across to where he had emerged, and from the rapidly receding yell uttered by these, he knew that his *ruse* had succeeded, and that they were searching for him in the dense timber of the bottom-land.

For more than an hour he lay listening to the whoops of the Indians that were dancing about his burning cabin, and presently he became aware that they must have gotten hold of a small keg of spirits he had buried near by, and were fast getting under the influence of the stimulating draught.

He was not long in doubt in regard to this matter; the savages, as the fiery liquor mounted into their brains, became, as they always do, perfect demons, and went howling and screeching back and forth between the burning dwelling and the creek, in whose cool waters they frequently came down to slake their thirst.

Thorman now became satisfied that his chances for escape were good. If the Indians would only keep up their drink until nightfall, he was certain of getting clear. In the meanwhile the others had come back from a fruitless search in the timber, and having reported, instant search of the immediate neighborhood was instituted.

Here the liquor again stood his friend. Those who had just come in were jealous of the quantity the others were drinking, getting more than their share, and pitched into it with extraordinary ardor.

These, too, soon became drunk, and then arose such a perfect pandemonium of sound,

Not only about it, but on it, and over it, as thick as bees in a swarm.

Thurman had not long to wait for the *de-nouement*, but still the time seemed interminable.

More brush had been piled on, and the log itself was now fairly ablaze; the end could not be far off.

Seemingly just at the proper moment, that is when the savages were huddled close up in front, and scrambling for places on top of the log, a bright, glaring flash suddenly shot up on high, a dense volume of white smoke accompanying, instantly followed by a deafening crash that shook the very hills around.

The mine had exploded, scattering death and horrible wounds on every hand.

Before the echoes had ceased, the yells of the dismayed savages filled the air, while the shrieks of scorched and maimed wretches lent additional volume to the sounds.

The destruction was terrible. The powder, confined within the narrow crevice, had exploded with the violence of a great bombshell, the huge splinters of seasoned wood acting as would have done the pieces of iron, or the balls and slugs with which these implements of death are charged.

Utterly demoralized by the unlooked-for occurrence, and at once attributing it to the agency of some evil spirit, those of the Indians that could do so, broke and fled in the wildest terror. The canoe was instantly launched, and actually without even looking behind, much less pausing to succor the wounded and dying, the warriors seized their paddles and shot off down the stream with the rapidity of a race-horse.

After witnessing the catastrophe, Thurman set out for the post on the Rolling Fork, and on the fourth day he, with a number of others, returned to the scene.

The bodies of eight savages lay just as they had fallen, giving evidence that the survivors had not returned. They were buried in a common grave, and before two days had elapsed, Thorman, with the assistance of his friends, had erected the framework of another cabin, into which he soon moved.

The rebuilding of the cabin on the same spot was done with the advice of his friends, who asserted that no Indian would ever attack, or even approach the place again, and it really proved, and Thorman lived there for many years, never once being molested as long as he was in the cabin, or about it.

## Short Stories from History.

**How a Savage Can Die.**—That all the virtue of true heroism does not rest with civilized nations we have ample proof in the conduct of the American Indian, when under pain or torture. This instance, related by M. Bossu, a French officer of distinction, who held a command in New Orleans, when Louisiana Territory was a French possession, offers a most fearful contrast between the white captor and the red captive:

"The tragical death of an Indian of the Collapissa nation," says M. Bossu, "who sacrificed himself for his country and son, I have often admired as displaying the greatest heroism, and placing human nature in the noblest point of view. A Choctaw Indian having one day expressed himself in the most reproachful terms of the French, and called the Collapissas their dogs and their slaves; one of this nation, exasperated at his injurious expressions, laid him dead on the spot. The Choctaws, the most numerous and the most warlike tribe on that continent, immediately flew to arms; they sent deputies to New Orleans, to demand from the French Governor the head of the savage who had fled to him for protection: the Governor offered presents as an atonement, but they were rejected with disdain; they threatened to exterminate the whole tribe of the Collapissas. To pacify this fierce nation, and prevent the effusion of blood, it was, at length, found necessary to deliver up the unhappy Indian. The Sieur Ferrand, commander of the German posts on the right of the Mississippi, was charged with this melancholy commission; a rendezvous was in consequence appointed between the settlement of the Collapissas and the German posts, where the mournful ceremony was conducted in the following manner:

"The Indian victim, whose name was Tichon Mingo (*i.e.* servant to the cacique or prince) was produced. He rose up, and agreeably to the custom of these people, harangued the assembly to the following purpose: 'I am a true man—that is to say, I fear not death; but I lament the fate of the Shawnees who were going to encamp in his front yard,' as he termed the clearing, for the night.

This was unlooked for, and, indeed, unusual on the part of the red-skins, but they were probably rendered careless by the whisky, and didn't properly reckon the danger.

But that which Thorman looked upon, at first, as only an *inconvenience*, he soon found was a real danger.

As the day passed, the charred logs of the cabin had either gone entirely out, or else simmered without giving off any heat, and as the cold grew more and more intense, the savages began looking for the most comfortable quarters.

Their eyes at one fell upon the hollow log, and before Thorman had fairly realized the fact, they had a large fire crackling and roaring against its side.

Here was a quandary. If he remained he would assuredly catch the benefit of two or three pounds of fine powder, exploding in those close quarters; and if he crawled forth while it was yet twilight, the Indians would be almost certain to discover and tomahawk him.

But he was not allowed much time for reflection.

He could feel the heat through the thin shell, where he lay, and he knew that just beyond where he lay was the powder at a place equally thin. The latter he could not reach. It had been put in from the upper end of the log, and almost midway its length the hollow narrowed down so small as to prevent his crawling entirely through.

As I have said, the log lay slanting on the bank, the lower end being half submerged in the water, which was very deep at this point.

As the heat grew more and more intense, and the noise without grew less as the Indians became sleepy around and upon the log, by reason of the warmth and whisky, Thorman prepared for the desperate venture.

Backing slowly and silently out until his feet touched the water, he paused and listened.

There was no change in the manner or talk of the savages, and feeling that so far he was undetected, he dropped down into the stream, and clinging to the edge of the log, listened again.

Nothing as yet to cause unusual alarm, and letting go his hold, he floated down the current into the darkness beyond the line of light.

Fifty yards below he struck out for the bank, climbing which, he retraced his steps a little way, got good cover in the undergrowth, and looked back to where the savages were clustering about the log.

"Having thus delivered himself, he presented his head to the kinsmen of the deceased Chactaw; they accepted it; he then extended himself over the trunk of a tree, in taking it up, he addressed to it these few words: 'Pardon me your death, and remember me in the world of spirits.' The French who assisted at this tragedy could not restrain their tears, while they admired the heroic constancy of this venerable old man."

manded a wide view of the hill and "bottom" country, as well as a long reach up the river.

For nearly ten years Thorman lived unmolested, meeting with no trouble from the Indians, or, in fact, from any thing else, save on one occasion.

This was from a violent storm that arose one night, which not only blew the roof off the cabin, but leveled to the earth a tall old poplar tree that stood in the "front yard" near the bank of the creek, and which, because of its extensive shade, was much prized by the settler.

Thorman mourned the loss of his favorite tree at the time, little thinking of how important a part the huge hollow